

THE NAUTILUS.

Devoted to the Art and Science of Self-Expression.

Entered at the Holyoke Post Office
as second class matter.

Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul,
As the swift seasons roll. Leave thy low vaulted past.
Let each new mansion, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free; leaving thine out-grown shell
By life's unvesting sea.—Holmes' "The Nautilus."

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{ ELIZABETH TOWNE, }
 { HOLYOKE, MASSACHUSETTS. }

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LIFE.

Let me but live my life from year to year,
With forward face and unreluctant soul,
Not hastening to, nor turning from, the goal;
Not mourning for the things that disappear
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
From what the future veils; but with a whole
And happy heart, that pays its toll
To Youth and Age, and travels on with cheer.

So let the way wind up the hill or down,
Through rough or smooth, the journey will be joy;
Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,
New friendship, high adventure, and a crown,
I shall grow old, but never lose life's zest,
Because the road's last turn will be the best.
—Henry Van Dyke.

CONCENTRATION AND POISE.

"Can you teach or rather advise how to concentrate one's mind (thoughts)? For instance when I figure up a column of figures and someone is talking in the room I hear every word of what is said and it annoys me. Also when I read the papers in a street car and someone speaks loudly near me, it will affect me in such a manner that I will have finished reading an article without having caught the meaning of same."—G. H.

The first step in any desirable direction is to cease scattering your mind still farther by being "annoyed." To be annoyed is literally to fly to pieces.

Sometimes this habit of hearing things beyond the limits of your work is not due to lack of concentration at all. Some men can add accurately long columns of figures and hardly give them a thought, whilst at the same time they are receiving impressions from all about them. It is said Napoleon could write two separate and distinct letters and carry on a conversation all at the same time, without a single blunder.

I once saw a girl of fifteen write without a single mistake about 30 invitations to a party, addressing all the envelopes, the while her mother read aloud a most exciting story. These cases are not illustrations of mental scatteration but of intense concentration. The ability to do two or three things at once is the result of having made so good a habit of doing each thing separately that it can now be done with very little conscious attention. Consequently he can now do with ease several things at a time.

A trained pianist is an example of the same sort. Time was when he had to pay conscious attention to every movement of his fingers, but by constant practice he has developed brains in his fingers, which subconsciously take care of his finger action. If you have developed some certain area of brain to such a degree that it will take care of a column of figures whilst your perceptive take in a conversation you have cause for rejoicing, not annoyance. It requires great self-command to do such a thing.

If you make a mistake whilst at such work it may be due more to the disturbance of brain cells caused by the annoyance, rather than by any real inability on your part to add a column and hear a remark at the same time.

At any rate, the more you give way to annoyance and recognition of the habit of sensing double, the more steadfastly you will set the habit of mental scatteration.

The correct attitude to assume is this:—"I am quiet and confident, and ready to give to this work abundant attention to do it accurately, rapidly and with ease. My interest is in it. At the same time I have plenty more attention with which to catch impressions of whatever else will be interesting or useful to me." Begin your work after deliberately and resolutely stating this to yourself

and assuming the corresponding mental attitude—the attitude of *easy power*. Then whenever you catch yourself lapsing stop a moment, straighten up, take a slow, full breath through the nostrils and resume your mental attitude of power.

Many a time has a stray impression picked up by a bit of stray attention, proved afterwards of great value. The law of attraction works here, as in more ponderable things—your attention catches what fits *somewhere* in your mind, and life. Welcome it, and above all things *keep sweet and steady*.

I should say there was something radically wrong with the mind that could assume a lazy attitude in a car, with a page of ordinary newspaper before its eyes, and yet fail to notice when "someone speaks loudly near" it. Newspaper matter is so diluted to fill space (as a rule) that it requires but a very slight accession of interest in a real *live* direction to switch the mind off. People do not raise their voices unless they are pretty well interested, and the listener's mind catches momentarily their pitch of vibration, even though the real *cause* of their excitement does not interest him.

The intense, uninterrupted concentration of mind the writer of the above seems to desire would be a doubtful accomplishment. If acquired he would miss completely that immense fund of "picked up" information which is really the major part of every man's and woman's education. In his strained *preoccupation* (for that, and not "concentration," is really the fitting word for the state of mind he seems to desire) he would miss many a business tip that he might have gained from overheard conversations, as well as interesting bits of knowledge on innumerable subjects. And then there is the added knowledge of human nature that comes with every bit of *real life* which interests us.

Our little 5 per cent conscious mind does not always know what is best for us to pay attention to, but you may depend that *whatever attracts* your attention when you are reading a newspaper in a car, is the thing of paramount importance for that time and place. The paper can wait. Learn to "vibrate with" these little attractions, learn to *enjoy* them, and you can well *afford* to wait for the newspaper news, or even to miss it altogether. If the thing in the newspaper is a more vital interest than that outside of it you will have no trouble in keeping your thoughts on the paper.

Something that is of vastly more importance to you than the ability to "bury yourself in the newspaper" (truly expressive phrase is that) is the power to *turn* readily as attention is called from the printed article or back to it again. The power of POISE is the greatest power of all. To turn *readily* with the attention, and then to return readily to the original subject, is the cap sheaf of accomplishment and real power. The mind should be as delicately poised as is the eye. Look straight ahead of you a moment, and note how easily and pleasureably the eye is *attracted* from one moving thing to another, and yet another, and is with equal pleasure withdrawn again. No friction, no *tearing away* from anything. But after your mental eye, your attention, has been attracted from your paper to some living interest beside you, it still *hangs on* to the paper. Then when you have succeeded in dragging it back again to the article it is still *hanging on* to the outside interest, and you are a divided, stirred up mentality fit for nothing. You call it being "annoyed."

Learn to *let go*. Go with your attention and

enjoy with it, instead of letting your attention drag you around as you have seen an irrepressible small boy drag his elders on circus day. *Wake up and take the lead*.

This is the true road to self-control—to mind-control. At first you may find yourself in the same predicament with a man I read about. He had been lauding to a visitor the fine points and quick obedience of his dog, and now he meant to show him off a bit. "Come here, Towze!"—he called. Towze, promptly tucked his tail down and crawled under the bed. But his master was equal to the occasion. "Well, go under the bed then!—I will be minded!"

If in the beginning of your attempts at "concentration" your mind serves you such tricks just change your orders! Above all things be minded.

Go with your attention, and enjoy with; call it *good*, not perverted; treat it with respect; get into its confidence and *speak kindly* to it; and after a bit of practice you will find it minding your directions. You will find master and servant approaching each other—master will become less, harsh and arbitrary and servant more trusting and obedient. Your attention is not a dog that can be clubbed into dumb submission on newspaper pap—oh, no. He is an *intelligent, faithful* animal that needs only *understanding* and *love*, with a reasonable amount of *liberty*, to make him a most satisfying friend.

If when you are at work your attention wanders to such an extent that your work shows mistakes, of course there must be a change. *Call back* your thoughts, take a slow, full breath, straighten up a moment, and resolutely but *kindly*, PUT your thought into your work again. Keep repeating this little exercise until your thoughts stay put. They will eventually. Practice will accomplish anything in time.

A LITTLE JOURNEY IN JUNE.

William and I had occasion to go up to Walpole, N. H., one day, and back the next; by train to Keene and then eight miles by carriage. It was fine weather and a delightful trip. June is a glorious month to travel in and all New England is beautiful, but up in New Hampshire everything is so much greener and cleaner that it seems impossible that one is only 50 miles or so from Holyoke. The difference is so marked that as we neared the line it is as if we had just discarded a light shade of smoked glasses. The growing things stand out in purest emerald against an azure heaven. It must be that the atmosphere is *much* clearer up there among the hills. And where the land is rolling in Massachusetts it is billowy in New Hampshire.

Keene is beautifully clean and her main avenue is as broad as New York's widest, and is lined on either side with the tallest trees which meet in loftiest arches. And the roads are so solid and clean I thought at first the extra greenness must be due to lack of dust. All the eight miles of drive was over splendid roads—a contrast to Oregon country roads!—and always up and down over green billows with yet higher green billows on every hand. And all the green brightened by the most gorgeous red maple tips. We exclaimed over the unwonted red of the young maple shoots—as bright as the autumn tints—and wondered if the unusual chill spring had reddened the maples. Perhaps they will feel out of fashion next fall, for they surely will find no brighter reds to don.

The prettiest stretch of land and water we saw

was along the Ashuelot (pronounced by the natives and the conductors as "Ash-willot" with accent on the first syllable). We hear it said that "man cannot improve upon nature," but he surely does. Nature doesn't know enough to get rid of the dead underbrush, shave the lawns and build a series of dams to vary the monotony of a tumbling torrent. Man not only improves nature by making two blades of grass grow where one was, but he makes one tree grow tall and beautiful where a dozen were wont to jostle and rob each other of the sap of life. Man makes placid pool, waterfall and rushing rapid succeed each other half a dozen times within two miles or so, clears away the stunted growths, trims the trees, shaves the rolling banks and presents the crystal Ashuelot a thing of beauty and a joy to weary travelers. Besides all this man builds beautiful little white cottages among the green trees of Ashuelot, and tall factory buildings, which he trains nature to further beautify with clinging vines. Truly, Man, thou art greater and more art-full and sensible than nature.

But after all is not man a part of nature? It is man's nature to improve nature. It is nature which worketh in all to will and to do to the end that the earth may blossom as a rose. I wonder if Isaiah had a cultivated rose in mind when he said that. Well, no matter;—it was God who spoke through Isaiah, and God had the cultivated rose in mind, whether Isaiah did or not. And the cultivated rose is the result of man's nature to improve nature. Pope says:

"The Universe is one stupendous Whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

If this be true, man's improvement of nature is God's improvement of his own body. God is a good physical culturist who believes in self-development—and practices it.

We spent our evening in Keene in a large, airy front room of the Cheshire House, which looks out upon "the square" where the farmers hitched their teams to an iron rail running around a circle of green lawn and tall trees under which stands a handsome monument and a fountain. There was a band stand too, where Beedle's Band discoursed most pleasantly until ten o'clock. And there were lots of comfortable looking people but no crowds. The square is too spacious for that.

Whilst we enjoyed it all we had a call from Mrs. Julia F. Highland of Keene, who is a second cousin of William's. She is a bright, interesting woman and we drew her out about Berea, Kentucky, where she has spent two winters. At Berea is a large "college" where "mountain whites" and negroes come to "git larnin'." There are about 800 students at Berea, 200 of which are black. The blacks and whites get on comfortably at the schools but as soon as the blacks get away from home they have a hard row to hoe. Mrs. Highland "chaperoned" a white girl and a black girl one day to a neighboring city, and such a time as they had to get even a dinner for the black. Not a hotel would permit her to enter except as a servant, and they had to find a negro family to take her in for the noon hour. There were no Roosevelts there to take her in when the hotels were "full." (Query, full of what?)

But the "pore white trash" of the mountains are so anxious for "larnin'" that they take it alongside the black folks of Berea. Whole families come tramping afoot, often for 150 miles, bringing perhaps a cow and a few bundles as their entire worldly possessions. The entire family has come for "larnin'." Everything at Berea is strange, palatial, to these half clad, be-pistoled and be-knifed mountaineers. The only familiar thing they find is the enormous stone fireplace in the president's office. When that gentleman walks in to interview the new arrivals he generally finds the whole family drying its soaked socks and other duds before the huge fire. The newcomers usually spend their first night on the floor in the attic, which is often completely filled with new recruits. The boys all bring pistols and knives of which the president takes immediate possession. The girl who has reached unmarried, her 14th year is quite a wonder. One of the girls told Mrs. Highland about another girl who was twelve and had

an offer "more than a week ago and wasn't married yet!"—and the small narrator's eyes bulged at such trifling procrastination. This same young lady never tired of gazing at Mrs. Highland. "Yo're the purtiest lady I ever see," she would say over and over, and Mrs. Highland's black silk gown was the second wonder in her new world. The mountain women are the scrawniest, ugliest, most awkward, unkempt and ignorant women imaginable. In the eyes of that child-woman a comfortable, good looking New England woman was a striking example of folks with "larnin'," and an incentive to 1,000,000 questions. Mrs. Highland says it is a delight to see how these poor people pick up the "larnin'" they are so eager for.

It is almost impossible to realize the isolation and dense ignorance of these residents of the mountains that lie at the back doors of civilization. Not even a newspaper ever penetrates the monotony of their lives, and not a line of it could be read if it did. It is no wonder that this dead level of living and thinking should result in premature and hideous old age. Perhaps the feuds and sudden deaths so prevalent in these regions were its greatest blessing and hope of evolution, until Berea bloomed. Long may it live to dissipate darkness, deadness and wrinkles.

SWEETENED TO TASTE.

Here is a doctor who says he is having a hard time since coming into the new thought. He is trying to introduce new methods of healing, his patients will have none of it and his income is seriously affected.

This ought not to be. New methods judiciously used will increase a doctor's power and income. I fancy this doctor talks too much. He is a big, burly, positive looking man with "an open countenance" and I have an idea that when he finds a good thing he wants to tell every Tom, Dick and Harry all about it. And if Tom, Dick and Harry don't swallow his new medicine with becoming meekness this doctor's impulse is to hold Tom, Dick and Harry's nose until he *does* swallow. He *knows* his new medicine is better than any of the old stuff, and he wants to convert Tom, Dick and Harry for the good of the cause. But Tom, Dick and Harry only spit out his medicine and go tell their cronies that the doctor has gone daffy and they had better keep away from him.

This doctor is a whole-souled sort of fellow who never does things by halves. He has found a good thing and he wants to use it on the same old patients. But it cannot be done. Sometimes a revolution is a necessity, but a little tact and discretion will nearly always obviate the necessity.

The soul of tact and discretion is keeping your mouth shut. Verily "he that ruleth his tongue is greater than he that taketh a city." The doctor who keeps mum can work in suggestion along with his pills and gradually drop out the pills, and his income will steadily increase. He can *reform* his practice. He can transform his practice by the renewing of his mind. But *not* if he lets his mental energy run off his tongue.

When my son Chester was a small tad of four or five he had a long sick spell and was doctored in the good old allopathic way. But he did not get well. I had heard of Dr. Wigg of "East Portland," Ore. He was a homeopath and "queer." That was when homeopathy stood where osteopathy and suggestive therapeutics stand today, and nobody would look at a "homeopathy doctor" until it was a case of last desperate resort. This Dr. Wigg was not only a homeopath but it was rumored he practiced "mesmerism or something." So you can imagine the desperation I was in when at last I bundled Chester up and took him to Dr. Wigg.

I found a short, puffy man with a fringe of black hair around a large bald spot and a pair of spectacles through which shone piercing and steady dark eyes. His office was in a dwelling house and in the corner of his office he kept an alligator about two feet long, which fascinated Chester.

Well, I told Dr. Wigg my troubles. He just looked hard and said nothing. I have forgotten

whether he even looked at Chester's tongue. He compounded two doses for him, one a colorless and tasteless fluid, the other a sweetish powder. He wrapped the two carefully and neatly in white paper and then turned to me. He looked me squarely and solemnly in the eyes and said, "Madame, this medicine will cure your child. Give it to him exactly according to directions. Tomorrow morning he will want a hearty breakfast. Give it to him. Give him all the good, plain food he wants. In a week's time his skin will be pink and white instead of yellow. He will grow fat and strong."

That was all, but it was the most impressive doctor's visit I ever saw. And Chester was a well child from that very hour. He quit coughing, ate like a little pig and looked like a new being in less than the week, though he had dragged along with that sick spell for three months.

Since I have come into a knowledge of the power of mind over the body I realize that Dr. Wigg simply gave to me, and through me to Chester, a strong dose of suggestion. It was my anxiety that held Chester from recovery. It was Dr. Wigg's suggestion, and not his sugar and water, that relieved my fears and released Chester's recuperative energy.

The only words Dr. Wigg spoke were statements of health. It he had argued or tried to explain to me he would have wasted energy and failed to impress me, besides rousing my antagonism.

I am confident that doctor knew what he was doing. He was still practicing when I left Portland and had had marvelous success. And I heard that he was interested in the new thought. The secret of his success was all due to right suggestion and keeping his own counsel.

Keeping his mouth shut until he has a positive statement of good to make is more than half of any man's success in any business.

A healer of any sort has great need of tact. It is the health statement received which cures the patient. It takes wit to so sugar coat the statement that it can be swallowed. If a patient has faith in medicine he will swallow the doctor's health statements, or "suggestion," along with his medicine, but will utterly repudiate it if the medicine be withheld. A man who is outgrowing allopathic dosing will swallow a health statement with a homeopathic sugar coat. One who believes in hypnotism or osteopathy will swallow the doctor's health statements with nothing more than a few "passes" as coating. An Eddyite doctor looks wise and rolls out a few verses of "Science and Health" as a sugar coating to his health statements, and the patient, if he be built that way, takes it all in and gets well just the same.

It is all a matter of growth. The younger we are in wisdom and knowledge the thicker must be the coating on our pills. As we grow up we put away childish things and take our health statements straight. If they don't go down the first time we swallow again.

But until his patients do grow up woe betides the doctor who tries to administer un-sugar-coated truth. He starts a revolution which breeds enmity and depletes his treasury.

Cast not your naked truths at those who are o'er modest.

BE WHAT YOU WILL TO BE.

"In the first place I will tell you that my disposition worries me very much, and it seems that I am entirely helpless. I often wonder if it was made so by circumstances, or if it is natural. I would much rather think it was circumstance then there might be some cure; but as yet I have found nothing. It does not seem that I am like anybody else I ever saw or knew. What can you suggest for a person that *cannot* take any interest in anything, people or objects? I make daily efforts, but all is forced. I say I force myself to do what I do. My heart does not seem to be in anything that I do. I force myself to talk. At times I might say I am interested, but it does not last. I seem to act mechanically. I really do not care for anything. I think that is a desperate way to be. If one has to live they should be interested in life, for I can see so many things that should interest me and that ought to be interesting, and I know

I am at fault for not detecting them, but it seems a physical impossibility. I cannot call it physical, either, for I am not ill. I think my personality is the most peculiar that any one ever heard of. I make most people restless that are around me. I repel them when I do not want to. I am of a very nervous temperament. I have auburn hair, brown eyes, and am of rather an imaginative disposition. I tire of anything in a short time, and I imagine that people tire of me the same way. Of course, if I did not tire of them they would not tire of me. I really exert myself to be interested in people and things, but I sometimes give up hope and would rather die. You would probably advise going out, change of scene, etc. None of these will do. It is in myself, but it surely is an unnatural way to be. I have made some good friends, and they desire to be my friends, but I drift away from them, therefore, if I am not careful I will lose them. Then at times (which are rare) I am full of life, and I love everything. This is the way I desire to be. It seems to me that there is nothing in me. That I have no strength of character. Tell me what will develop strength of character. Is there anything? I hope your advice will be beneficial."

If you desire to be anything in character, disposition or conduct—*be it*.

Say to yourself each day—a thousand times a day if need be—I am love, cheerfulness, joy, usefulness, kindness.

Sit in your room alone a few moments morning and night, inhale deep, slow breaths, and make these assertions. Then go forth every day determined to look for the agreeable trait in every one you meet—for the pleasing or pathetic quality, and for a chance to add a little to the world's store of happiness by some kind act.

Think of yourself as *necessary* to the world—say:

"There is need of me or I would not be," and then look for the opportunity to prove the fact. You will find it.

There is need of each one of us every hour in the twenty-four to help brighten the world for others less fortunate than ourselves. Your great trouble seems to be that of the majority of the earth's repiners—you dwell too much on thoughts of yourself and your troubles and think too little of other people about you.

It is quite possible—even probable—that your disposition is a pre-natal mark. Mothers are responsible for many peculiarities in their children.

When the world grows wiser it will teach the wonderful, awe-inspiring truths of pre-natal influence on children.

Then young, expectant fathers will be taught the necessity of guarding and protecting their wives from unhappy surroundings, from anger, overwork and worry. It is more than probable that your mother was in a state of mental apathy, bordering upon despair, before your birth, indifferent whether she lived or died—preferring the latter, but we can overcome these pre-natal influences, together with all other inherited traits, if we set about it. It is a task which requires time, patience and faith, but I *know* it can be done.

Think of yourself just as you would like to be, and insist mentally that you *are* that. Never mind if no change seems to come at once. Keep on insisting, and by and by the results will appear.

And all the time watch for opportunities to do kind acts. It is wonderful what an interest we will find in people whom we can benefit. If those you seek to aid show ingratitude—never mind again.

Pass on to the next corner and continue in the same way. You will be helped yourself—and that is better payment than another's gratitude.

Elizabeth Towne, Holyoke, Mass., has written a little pamphlet upon Development which you would do well to send for. The price is twenty-five cents, and it contains a *fortune* in value if you follow some simple rules she gives for gaining control of our higher qualities and driving away the blues, and making ourselves whatever we desire to be.

You will be what you will to be.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

(The above appeared simultaneously in the New York Journal and Hearst's other papers. The tale of woe is so common and Mrs. Wilcox's advice so much to the point that I reprint the article for Nautilus readers. The "pamphlet on Development" to which she refers is "Just How to Wake the Solar Plexus."—E. T.)

—Life!

—Come to Life.

—Drop your swaddlings and COME.

—The fountain of Life is within you. To cease looking to the Without for guidance and opportunity is to take the first step toward Life. To turn to *yourself* for guidance and ideas and opportunities is to *come to Life*.

—When you come to Life, Life fills you and

thrills you and joys in you. Life talks to you and guides you to opportunities. Life wells in you to use and *enlarge* opportunities. Life manifests through you according to your desire—if only you will come to Life in *YOURSELF*.

—When you first begin to come to Life in yourself you find very little but death. This is because you have so long turned your back upon Life and gazed upon death. Death, you know, is stagnation, inactivity, *fear*. Life is its opposite—activity, movement, *faith*. When Life impels you to Do Something, your eyes behold death which says "Don't—you will fail." Because your back is turned toward Life you see and listen to death and—do nothing. Instead of coming to Life in yourself you come to death—and die an inch more.

—Come to LIFE in yourself. Come to your own ideas, and follow your *faiths*, not your fears. When you begin to follow your faiths, behold fear is present with you. But never mind, *never mind*. Snap your fingers, *literally*, at fear, and follow your *faiths*—even if your knees knock together and your teeth chatter as you do it.

—When you are learning a new "Case" in arithmetic you begin on very small and simple problems. When you begin to follow your faiths instead of your fears see that you follow the same common sense line. Begin on little, every day things, instead of beginning on some large undertaking where failure would bring serious results.

ONCE MORE!

JUST HOW TO CONCENTRATE

Is my latest booklet. Practical, illuminating. Tells how to restore memory and other faculties and return to youth, happiness and success. A copy will be given free with each NEW six months' or yearly subscription to THE NAUTILUS.

To every old NAUTILUS subscriber who sends me *three new six months'* subscriptions, or *one new yearly* subscription, I will send a free copy of the book, *besides* the copies sent to the new subscribers.

Or send *THREE NEW YEARLY* subscriptions and I will send each one a copy of the new book, and to you I will send a copy *each* of "Just How to Concentrate" and "The Constitution of Man," or one year's subscription to THE NAUTILUS.

—*Caution* is a better guide than even faith itself, until you have used faith long enough to have faith in it. *Experience* in following faith is the only thing which will give you faith *in faith*;—just as experience in working small problems by a new rule will give you faith that you can work larger ones by the same rule.

—When you first begin to follow your small faiths you will seem to yourself to be led astray as often as you are led aright. You will feel a little faith that *this* is the time you are to go and pay Mrs. Blank that long intended visit. You follow your little faith and find Mrs. Blank away from home. "There!"—you exclaim, "*that* faith was a mistaken one. No matter how hard I try the spirit doesn't lead *me* aright." Just then you spy the home of Mrs. John Doe on whom you "ought" to call, but whom you don't know very well; however, as long as you are so near and nothing special to do, you go up and ring Mrs. John Doe's bell. She comes to the door and admits you, with a pleased look. Before you know it you find Mrs. John Doe is a "hungry soul" who has just "got hold of the new thought" which she is trying to apply to some very knotty problems in her own life. She unburdens her soul to you who have, wonder of wonders, just passed through similar troubles and transformed them into blessings. In fact you prove to be playing Peter to her Cornelius, and your souls rejoice in the seventh heaven of communion. Following your faith did not take you to Mrs. Blank but it *did* result in a glorious visit with Mrs. John Doe, and untold good to *both* of you.

—Following your faiths does not always bring you to the particular place that your *near sight* rests upon as your goal, but it *does* always take

you to the *best* place for that particular time and circumstance.

—You see, you are a bundle of *desires*, each one of which is working in you to gratify itself—and you. That strong desire in you to *help others* is always working. Mrs. John Doe's soul was drawing hard on the Invisible for just the kind of help you could give. Your soul, which, with hers, is in the Invisible, responded to her attraction. But all this you see was on the sub-conscious or super-conscious plane. On your *conscious* plane you would never even have thought of Mrs. John Doe unless someone spoke her name to you. The point of your conscious mind which was nearest to Mrs. John Doe was the place in your mind where Mrs. Blank dwells. Mrs. John Doe's attracting power, her need, drew *through* the Mrs. Blank part of your consciousness. You thought (because the conscious mind is very near sighted) that your faith, or "the spirit" as we generally say, was leading you to Mrs. Blank. But all the time your faith, or "the spirit," was leading you to the gratification of a much *stronger* desire of your nature than the simple one of seeing Mrs. Blank.

—This is only a very common and simple illustration of the wonderful things that are every moment happening through the all-pervading and immanent *law of attraction*. If we could see what we cannot see we would know from the first that it is Mrs. John Doe we are going to, instead of Mrs. Blank. Then we would be *sure* our faiths, or attractions, are leading us aright.

—As it is we must learn the "rule" and then keep on applying it to all the little affairs of every day living until we find it *does* work out—until we find by experience that every little disappointment of a desire simply makes way for the gratification of a larger, deeper desire. It is *true*, dearie, that "*All things work together for GOOD*" to us, and that it is our *BUNDLE OF DESIRES* that makes them work just as they do.

—When we first begin to follow our faiths we are so very short sighted, so utterly dependent from habit upon the *conscious* mind and visible things, that our faiths *have* to lead us through disappointments in order to gratify our larger desires at all. The fact of the matter is that the spirit has *always* led every blessed one of us in every blessed act, but we have kept our noses so close to the earth that we could not see anything beyond Mrs. Blank, even when our souls were tugging hardest in the direction of greater and unseen good. The consequence is that many a time when we have followed our faiths as far as Mrs. Blank's we have been so disappointed at not seeing her, and we have kicked and fussed and reviled our "luck" so vigorously that the spirit couldn't get in a word edgewise about our going on to Mrs. John Doe's. Consequently we missed for the time all that joy and good, besides the good that would in future come from that new friendship.

—When the spirit leads you to Mrs. Blank's and you find Mrs. Blank is not at home just smile as you ask yourself "Where next?" Then go on.

—As you become accustomed to following your faiths you will gradually cease to feel disappointed when Mrs. Blank is out. You will *know* that all things work together for good and that if she is out you will go on past Mrs. Blank's to *something better*. You will gradually cease to *set your heart* on this little thing or that, as a sort of *ultimate*, the upsetting of which is a calamity. You will grow *poised*, with "a heart for any fate" and an abiding consciousness that *all* fates are on the way to something greater than you *desire*.

—As you follow your little faiths another thing will come to pass: You will find Mrs. John Doe's name and attraction coming directly into your mind and heart, instead of Mrs. Blank's as a sort of bait to get you started. As you *trust* your faiths and reckon more from the Great Invisible you will find yourself influenced more readily and unerringly by invisible forces. *Faith*, you know, is invisible. Faith is the *point of contact* between visible and invisible. The more deeply you trust

LOOK AT YOUR WRAPPER!

The one that came around this copy of *The Nautilus*. Is your subscription in arrears? If before August 31 you pay up and extend your subscription for at least six months more, the sum sent to be at least 50 cents, you may have by way of receipt a FREE COPY of "Solar Plexus," "How to Concentrate" or "Meals Without Meat"; or you may be credited with six months' extra of *Nautilus*. If not in arrears you may come in on this offer by sending 50 cents to have your subscription extended a year beyond your present date of subscription.

the invisibles the fewer visibles will be needed to bait you on, and the fewer disappointments you will find on the way.

—In this way the soul side of you, trusting on from glory to glory, becomes strong enough to follow large faiths instead of little ones. I had followed my small faiths several years when there came into my heart a large faith that I should find joy in leaving the city of my home and friends, and even my two children and the man the law called my husband—in leaving all these and traveling 3,000 miles to marry another man whom I had never seen *except by faith*. My faith told me that not only my personal happiness but my business success and the best interests of my children would *all* be best served by my following this faith. Don't you think it was a pretty large order for a woman to cut absolutely loose from *all* she had ever known and depended upon, even leaving the native city she had never before travelled 100 miles away from? Don't you think it took a large faith to leave *all* the visible things and step out into entirely unknown conditions, with less than ten dollars and a railroad ticket by way of *visible* support, with Sioux Falls, the divorce Mecca, as her temporary destination, and none but herself to depend upon? It *did* take a large faith, and a steady will to follow it. Where did I get so large a faith? *I grew it by exercising myself following little faiths*—just as an athlete by lifting successively many small weights develops within himself the power to perform great feats of strength. When the large faith came I followed it, though my knees were tempted to knock together and my teeth to chatter. I kept cool and went. That was three years ago this August. Everything my faith hinted at then has been more than fulfilled, and more good has grown out of it than I even dreamed of. And the end is not yet.

—Have you a large faith that you dare not follow? Trust it, cherish it, go steadily onward following your *little* faiths. One of these fine mornings you will wake up and find your faith grown so large you *do* dare to follow it. Then take a long, slow breath, look up, and put your hand to the plough. And remember *Lot's wife*.

—“He who hath aims multitudinous Attempts too many things and thus Scatters his strength and but achieves A stunted vine with dwarf-like leaves.”

—Susie M. Best.

—The “hard words” of another cannot hurt you at all. It is *your own* hard words and *hard thoughts* that do all the damage. Just SHINE on the other fellow's hard words and you are alright.

—“Do help me make him happy.” Can't be done. It is an utter and absolute impossibility to make anybody happy, and the harder you try the more finicky and fussy and foolish he becomes. The only thing you can do toward making him happy is to be happy yourself and *let* him be any kind of a goose he chooses. But if you shine pleasantly yourself the chances are about 99 to 100 that he will come out from under his clouds and beam with you. And if he doesn't, no matter. Possibly he prefers clouds for the present.

—Unity Tract Society, 1315 McGee street, Kansas City, Mo., issues the only new thought “Sunday School Lesson Quarterly” in the world. The International Bible Lesson text is given, with interpretations by “Leo Virgo,” otherwise Charles Fillmore, editor of *Unity*, and one of the clearest, sweetest Bible interpreters I know. The “Quarterly” is 35 cents a year, 10 cents a copy.

—The I AM is *All*, and the little “I am” is what we have recognized of the All.

—“Be pleasant until ten o'clock in the morning, and the rest of the day will take care of itself.”

—When you cannot please others shut your mouth and go please yourself.

—What you want from others you must first find in yourself.

—I am asked how to put up pure, unsweetened and unfermented grape juice. Easy enough. Stem and wash any amount of grapes (Concords preferred), place in a porcelain lined or granite ware kettle with water enough to come up the kettle half way as far as the grapes do—or a little more. Cover and cook over a slow fire until the grapes are tender, then strain as for jelly. If you want your juice beautifully clear pour the stewed grapes into a *thin* muslin bag, hang up to strain over night and *do not squeeze the bag*. Bring your strained juice to a good, hard boil and skim. Have your bottles heated with *very* hot but not boiling water, fill through a funnel with the *boiling* grape juice, drive your clean corks well down into the neck of the bottle and fill up the little cup left at the top with hot sealing wax of any sort. If you follow directions to a dot you will have a beautiful juice that will *keep*. Any other fruit juice may be extracted in the same way. Grape juice is most beneficial when used about half and half with water, without sugar. If you want it just for the good taste make a pitcher full of weak lemonade and add grape juice to taste. This is delicious. It is recorded that an army was stationed in France during grape season. The soldiers ate almost inordinately of the ripe fruit. All the common soldiers grew strong and well, but the officers became ill. Upon inquiry it was discovered that the common soldiers ate skin, seeds and all, whilst the officers followed the more “civilized” custom of rejecting seeds and skins. The officers were ordered to revert to the original type and swallow skins, and in no time they became as healthy as the common soldiers and the natives. I believe that all fruit skins which are tasty should be eaten with the fruit. I likewise believe that blanching nuts detracts from their value, and when I eat baked potatoes I eat skin and all. I consider myself a model of health and good digestion. By the way, William drinks grape juice and *hot* water, half and half, and unsweetened, with every meal—two per day. This is a splendid corrective to sluggish action of the bowels.

—“Will you say in the ‘Sailing Fish’ that I have located at 609 Garrison avenue, St Louis, Mo., where I hope to meet and shake hands with at least 144,000 of the re-generate and un-regenerate sons and daughters of Eternal Life during the World's Fair, or any other old time. Persistently Yours, George W. Carey. (Author of “Biochemistry,” “New Name,” etc.)

—My “opinions” of the “New Marriage” propaganda by Alice Wolverton Eyre are of no importance. Her work will stand or fall on its own merits. So far as I am personally concerned I have little use for societies, brotherhoods, sisterhoods or even Success Circles, but that does not prove that they are not good for those who are drawn to them. It may simply indicate that in my last state of existence I was such an inveterate “jiner” that I became surfeited. But if I still had a hankering to “jine” something I should want a society with handsomer regalia than knickerbockers and an eiderdown bath robe for its “Third Degree,” and prettier furniture than chairs sawed out of old barrels. And I fail to see the reason for discarding factory made chairs and retaining “sweat shop” bath robes, trousers and shirt waists. Alice Wolverton Eyre's heart is alright but her head needs reconstructing. There! I've expressed more of an opinion than I meant to and I warn you it is only from my little point of view. I claim no “inspiration” on this line.

—“Your ‘Just How to Concentrate’ is a great little book, worth its weight in gold. It contains the best logic and most practical sense on concentration that I ever saw. And *Nautilus* is the best paper—I will not even except *Christian*.”—Eliza D. Box, 1272 Sheridan, Chicago.

—I am continually importuned for *technical* information about the solar plexus. Such information can be had in the encyclopedia, or any book on physiology and anatomy, or in Dr. W. E. Pratt's “Composite Man,” price \$1.50. The last

named is the broadest and comes nearest to the occult side of the subject, with which alone I deal—not because the other side is “common” but because it is already duly explained by others.

—“Some months ago I made an investment which has not brought me in anything as expected. I borrowed money to put in, and am now troubled as to meeting payment.”—A. M.

Dearie, debt is the devil—as has been remarked. The fellow who gets into debt is bound to pay the penalty in a certain amount of anxiety, etc. The only thing to do is to do the best that *your* judgment tells you, and keep on AFFIRMING success. The WORD will bring success if there is any life at all in the undertaking. YOUR WORD, I mean. Do not carry a burden—if the money can't be paid why it can't. Say so and then keep mum and *use* your mind in directions where it will do some good. And in due time you will be able to clear things up. Rise into I AM consciousness, instead of fretting around in the *I did* consciousness. Never waste force over what can't be helped. Learn your lessons and do better.

—A quiet, cheerful mind with plenty of fruit, water and exercise, is the only effective wrinkle preventive and eradicator I know of.

—“I have directed you to send *Nautilus* to several persons and have urged others to order it for themselves, and every one of them is full of satisfaction with the paper. Good luck and prosperity to you.”—A. D. Leech, M. D., Richmond, Va.

—When *Nautilus* subscription list is large enough to warrant it I will declare another dividend to the subscribers, in the shape of putting *The Nautilus* into magazine form, on fine paper, without increase in price. Help along the subscription list, dearies, and hurry up the dividends. Things are happening around here now, but we can call in more help and take care of more new subscriptions.

—“A God alone can comprehend a God.”

—Young.

—“The two kinds of people on earth I ween, Are the people who lift and the people who lean.”

And if the lifters did less lifting the leaners would cease to lean.

—“I want forever to kill that terrible ‘if’ which will sometimes make me doubt.”—E. H.

Why, “ifs” are nothing. Meet one “if” with another and go quietly and steadily about your business. “What IF you should fail?” “Well, what IF you succeed?” Stick to SUCCESS and you will forget all about what-if-failures.

—Here we are with our subscription list in type. Please look carefully at the wrapper that comes around your *Nautilus*. If your address is incorrectly given kindly notify me at once. *Note also the date of expiration of your subscription* printed with the address. According to the records your subscription is paid up to and including the date printed beside your name. If there is a mistake on your wrapper please let me know and it will be corrected. *If you are in arrears* with your subscription please renew at once. *If before August 31 you send me money enough to pay arrears* and renew for at least six months in advance, the sum sent to be not less than 50 cents, you may have your choice of either of my 25 cent booklets FREE—as a mark of my appreciation of prompt payment. This offer includes “Just How to Wake the Solar Plexus,” “How to Cook Meals Without Meat” and “How to Concentrate.” Or if you prefer it you may be credited with six months extra of *The Nautilus* instead of receiving a book. *If you are not in arrears* with your subscription you may still come in on this offer by sending 50 cents for one year more of *The Nautilus*, your subscription to be extended one year from present date of expiration. I hope every subscriber on my list will take advantage of this free will offering.

—“Food Studies,” by “Ione,” whose real name is Grace M. Brown, is as chatty and interesting as a cooking school, and contains lots of happy ideas as well as good recipes. If you are fond of curries and sauces you will be specially pleased with this vegetarian cook book. “Ione's” address is 1756 Champa street, Denver.

INDIVIDUALISMS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

GENERATION VS. REGENERATION. "No man can serve two masters"; neither can one live the life of generation and become wholly regenerate at the same time.

In the *Psychic and Occult Views and Reviews* for July, one of the editors of that magazine (presumably M. T. C. Wing) has an article entitled "Tolstoi on Celibacy." In this article an attempt is made to straddle the fence; and we are asked to "hark back" to first, or animal principles.

The animal plane is all right in itself. We are all living on that plane now, to a greater or less extent, and we shall probably continue to live on that plane for sometime to come. But—we cannot go backward. The trend of life is ever forward, forward. We cannot "become as little children" and give birth to children of our own at the same time. We cannot "eat our cake and have it." We cannot use vital force in two ways at the same time.

Mr. Wing has much to say about "giving up." His article is a plea for the use of will power. It is a plea for animal strength and vigor. These things are good; but they are not that REALITY for which we are seeking. We are seeking for that PRINCIPLE which lies back of mere animality. Before we can find it the animal will must be "given up" entirely. This seems, to those who are living a healthy animal life, like a step backward, but it is not so. If we did not understand the laws of nature it would seem like a step backward when we bury a seed in the earth, yet we know that out of that burial will spring a new manifestation of Life.

So when we give up the individual will and our individual desires we gain that which is far more precious than any happiness they could ever have brought us. There is no sacrifice in this. We do it because we desire to do it. If we hold the idea of sacrifice in mind we shall fail to reap the good results which attend the one who willingly chooses such a course.

"He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."
"He that loseth his life shall find it."

"The first shall be last and the last shall be first."

"Pride goeth before a fall."

Beware of the pride of animal strength and the pride of will. Give up will power and all personal desire if you would enter the kingdom of joy.

The animal man exults in his physical strength and in his will power, yet his life is beset with all sorts of troubles and it is but a step from the cradle to the coffin for him. We want something more than this. We want something better. Mortal parenthood can give us only this, and so we say: "Let us pass on to something else, let us take the next step in our unfoldment."

This step must be taken in faith. We must have an abiding faith in SUPREME PRINCIPLE—LAW—GOD. This alone will bring us safely through.

Eternal life must grow out of the temporal, animal life, which serves as a foundation for the new life.

Will power and generation go hand in hand. Both must be outgrown as the regenerate life unfolds.

This is not a negative method of solving the question. It is the most positive method that could be devised. The man who yields his will to the Divine Will finds himself in possession of unlimited power. Power comes through repose. There is no repose, save the repose of death, where generation and will power are worshipped.

Forced celibacy is of little account. The life force needs to be used in other ways than the ordinary ways of generation.

Seek for light and leading from your inner self. Do nothing from a sense of "duty." You can only grow into new conditions.

LIFE'S GREATEST BLESSING. If a fairy queen were to stand before you and offer to bestow upon you any desired blessing what do you think would be your choice? I can tell

you what it seems to me I would choose above all else, and that is an *even mind*, a nature which would express poise, contentment, peace and good will.

There is nothing so conducive to happiness, to the well being of yourself and those around you, as an *even mind*. The one who is self controlled under all circumstances, who is poised under trying conditions, who is able to meet everyone in a business and social way without being nervous, affected, brusque or unnatural in any manner is the one who will be of the most service to himself and to his fellow men. Such people are respected and looked up to by their associates. They make their way to the front in all business affairs. They are depended upon for advice and encouragement by their friends.

A person who is well balanced is like the sun. He shines steadily upon all with whom he comes in contact. He radiates contentment and a feeling of steadfastness as the sun radiates light. He helps himself by helping others.

If you wish to find your especial place in life, if you would enjoy health, contentment, happiness, then seek to develop an *even mind*. Cultivate poise in thought and action. You may not be able to reach the heights at a single step. You know "we build the ladder by which we rise, and mount to its summit round by round." But you can find plenty of opportunities, if you look for them, to take a step forward.

Your place in life is right where you are for the present. Make up your mind to fill it to the best of your ability and to be content in so doing. Ambition for better things should never interfere with present duties.

There is one thing above all others that will help you to develop poise and an even mind; that is a strong faith in the omnipresent goodness of the underlying principle of things. I believe in trusting intuition rather than reason. I believe in letting go of reason and letting the Law find free expression through you. I believe that when we assume such an attitude of mind—a child-like attitude of perfect faith and trust towards nature and all things about us—we make it possible for truth to take root within us and thenceforth we shall gradually see more clearly and not "through a glass darkly" as heretofore.

I believe that we are apparently foiled in our undertakings so long as will power and reason are our guides, because they are as apt to lead us into a violation of the Law as to bring us into harmony with truth.

Will power and reason belong to the personal, limited self. Intuition is a faculty of the divine, impersonal self. Will power and reason, if taken as sure and infallible guides, will sooner or later obscure the truth and shut it out completely.

Only Infinity can comprehend Infinity.

Only the one who is willing to be led of the Spirit is fit to become a leader of men.

Will power and reason often lead one away from that harmony with nature, that rhythm of the universe, which alone can bring us happiness, health and contentment. Intuition, if trusted, will lead us gently back to the Path.

When intuition becomes your trusted guide you will begin to find your environment improving, and for the first time you will know satisfaction. So long as you trust entirely to reason, there will come times when you will seem to be at the "end of your rope." You will be unable to see where you can take another step forward. Intuition alone can safely guide you at such a crisis.

Let go of reason and trust to Principle.

An *even mind* will enable you to shine upon all, forgive all, see the good in all. You learn to enjoy life, you learn to express love, you learn contentment for the first time when you have developed an even mind which will enable you to keep poised under all circumstances.

This I consider one of life's greatest blessings.

—W. E. T.

—*Universal Religion*, published at 1718 Genesee street, Syracuse, N. Y., by J. C. F. Grumbine, contains in the July number an interesting article by the editor on "How to Remember Past Lives."

BRIEFS.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

*** Did you ever read Elbert Hubbard's "Message to Garcia?" It was written to show that the world appreciates people who can *do things*.

*** It is not only the person who can engineer successfully a great enterprise, that the world has need of. It needs the person who can carry out orders, who can "take a message to Garcia."

*** Perhaps you are letting slip some valuable opportunity to carry a message. It may be that it would benefit you more to take the message than it would benefit the sender or receiver.

*** Religion and science both spring from the same source. Both are necessary to man's welfare and peace of mind and to his growth toward better conditions physical and mental.

*** Our stenographer (whose name, by the way, is Helen) has a funny way of saying "all right" in a very cheerful, hearty tone when she is asked to do anything. Wouldn't it be a grand good thing if we were to think "all right" every time we are tempted to think "all is wrong"?

*** Do you live in a flat and does your neighbor's baby persist in making night hideous? Just think "all is right; she is a part of the universe the same as we are. She is expressing herself in her own way. *All is right*." When you can really see that all is right you will be a long way on the road to peace and happiness. It is that deep recognition of the underlying rightness of the whole universe which brings peace, contentment, a feeling of stability to the soul. You no longer drift idly like a boat going out to sea without a pilot. You have discarded forever the shadows and shams of life and are beginning to partake of the *living substance*.

Look for the good. Listen! All is right.

*** We have just received from Mr. William C. Hunter of the W. D. Boyce Company, Chicago, a copy of *Boyce's Hustler*. It is a bright little trade magazine designed to present the merits of the Boyce publications as advertising mediums. Here are a few good items from the *Hustler* which show that Mr. Hunter is abreast of the times in his ideas:

"There was a man who lived to be one hundred years old, and the people who knew him said he knew how to forget disagreeable things. He mastered the art of saying pleasant things; he did not expect too much from his friends; he made whatever work came to him congenial; he kept his nerves well in hand and inflicted them on no one; he retained his illusions and did not believe all the world wicked and unkind. He relieved the miserable and sympathized with the sorrowful; he had a warm heart and open hand; he always tried to do something for some one. He did not look for immediate reward from any act of kindness. He paid no attention to lies. He slept well and he had no ingratitude in his make-up."

"We hear a great deal about men with iron wills, but we wish to observe that in many instances it is a case of pig-iron."

"A hen may hatch out ducklings and may try to pass them off among her friends as chickens but the duckling nature will show; and so it is with men. A man's real self will crop out despite his efforts to conceal his true nature. Whatever you do or say or think you are constantly revealing your true self. Without intending to you are spreading a knowledge of your character and your past among those with whom you mingle. Every act of yours makes a mark on you physically and mentally; you may endeavor to hide it but the mark is apparent. The things our minds and bodies associate with become a part of us. We should choose environments that will help us. If your character and life and acts are not the kind that will stand the test of observing friends, then it is up to you to change your character. You may put it down for a certain truth that your true self will show through any attempts at disguise. You are what you are and 'can't fool all the people all the time.' The actor may conceal his identity and play a comic part while his heart is breaking and we may be deceived temporarily, but he is only acting and we get but a glimpse of him."

*** All the English New Thought and occult magazines are showing marked signs of prosperity recently. *Wings of Truth* is advertising in all

the American magazines devoted to liberal thought. We wish all of the New Thought editors across the water success.

*** A fruit breakfast is a grand good thing for those who do not omit the morning meal entirely. Oranges, apples and raisins may be eaten for breakfast with good effects.

*** Dr. Latson says in "Food Value of Meat": *The best breakfast is one that consists of fresh, ripe fruit, and nothing else. To this may be added, if desired, whole wheat bread or some good cereal.*

*** Elizabeth's bird article in last *Nautilus* met with much commendation. This month she gives you a sketch of New Hampshire scenery which is so realistic that it makes the hills and rivers of the Granite state stand out before your mind's eye like a photograph.

*** Warm days! Warm days! Great weather for bicycling though. It cools you off and makes you feel comfortable to take a slow wheel ride on a shady road late in the afternoon.

*** If there's nothing worth reading in these items this month you can lay it to the weather which is not conducive to mental brilliancy.

*** If you would be comfortable during these hot days, eat sparingly of meat. Of course if you are a vegetarian this does not apply. To the vegetarian I would say eat lots of fruit during the heated season.

*** Everyone is getting interested in the subject of breathing, now-a-days. The catch phrase "EAT SOME AIR," which I have used in advertising the Solar Plexus book (by the way, this phrase originated with Eleanor Kirk) is attracting attention, and *Medical Talk* for July has quite an article on the subject, using my ad as a text. Here is a brief extract from the article referred to: "Breathing is usually carried on without thinking about it. We just breathe when we have to, only so much as we must. Lazy breathing makes lazy people. *** Just stand back, inflate your chest, open your mouth and take in great hunks of air; just as if you were eating Johnny-cake or gingerbread."

*** The only criticism I have to offer on Dr. Carr's article is that it does not lay enough stress on slow, deep, rythmical breathing, which is the kind that is most beneficial, I think. One should be temperate in "eating air"—not too greedy—the same as in eating more substantial food.

*** *Eleanor Kirk's Idea* for July gives space to an article from *Mind* on the subject of "Thought and Breath." Among other good things the author of the article, Mary Robbins Mead, says: "At noon turn your thoughts toward the sun, and breathe great breaths of inspiration, courage, rest. *** Drink freely of the great currents of healing potencies as they flow to you."

*** There is life and strength and peace in the sunlight. Deep breathing under the full light of the sun will prove a panacea for many ills. Try it next time you feel discouraged or "not just right."

*** "It is not then illogical nor to be disputed by mere assertion to affirm that the sun is the great mind center of the earth and that all life forms are but manifestations of sun-vibrations."—*Evolution of The Individual.*

*** If you learn to depend upon things for your happiness you are building upon a foundation of sand. The only reality is Principle. Objects and forms are but clay in the potter's hands. There is no real wealth in money. If you would be rich, seek for the power that builds wealth. You can never find wealth in piles of bills and coin.

*** Forms come and go, animals and people are born and die; but the soul, the Principle of all things, endureth forever as unchangeable being.

*** *Christian* has been excluded from second-class privileges for the third time on the ground that it was issued primarily for the purpose of promoting Mr. Shelton's healing business. All the money that had been deposited for postage since the paper became a weekly is forfeited to

the government. This is certainly rather hard on Mr. Shelton, but he seems to be bearing up well under the loss. I notice Helen Wilmans takes him to task for putting up such a big kick. It is true he has not taken his medicine in quite so dignified a manner as Helen did hers, but still I think he has behaved pretty well.

Christian will now be published as a monthly, I understand, and will from now on be decidedly Sheltonic in its contents.

*** The first article in *Health Culture* for July is most excellent. Here are some statements contained in said article which I consider the acme of truth: "All food primarily comes from the plant kingdom. The only question is whether to take it direct in the form of wholesome and nutritious fruits and grains, or second hand in the form of the putrefying carcass of some unfortunate fellow creature. It is needless to say that all animal foods are reeking with the very worst kind of filth, i. e. organic tissue wastes, many of which are identical with the poisons normally excreted by the kidneys."

*** I believe that those who uphold the cause of vegetarianism should base their arguments upon purely hygienic grounds. The idea of sentiment in relation to the eating of our fellow creatures is all right and proper, but the majority of people are not sufficiently ruled by sentiment to be induced to change the habits of a life-time because of it.

*** *Social Justice* is a bright little bi-monthly published at Yellow Springs, O., and devoted to the interests of socialism. It costs ten cents per copy or thirty cents per year.

W. E. T.

—Have you seen a copy of *The Young Men's Home Journal*? It is a 136-page, \$1 a year, handsomely printed and illustrated magazine of success by a young man for all other young men—and anybody else who happens to be interested in a young man. The editor is Grenville Kleiser, a reader of great note who has recently been appointed to the faculty at Yale. I heard him read in Portland, Oregon, and when he wrote and asked me for an exchange of journals and my books to notice I felt as if I had met a long lost friend! One has a faculty for feeling so when he even sees afar off another whom he may have met or even heard of in his native land—even when he prefers the land of his adoption! So I hastened to answer Grenville Kleiser's letter and send him all my books and good will, and this is what he replied to me:

"I wish to thank you for your kind letter, for the books and for the copy of *The Nautilus*. The latter will be carefully read at my earliest opportunity, but I have this morning been able to get enough out of 'How To Grow Success' to convince me that it is a splendid thing for young men and I intend to give you a good notice in an early issue of *The Young Men's Home Journal*,—probably the August number. You are going to have unlimited success in your good work and I trust you will permit me to contribute my small share to that success by doing what I can. We should aim to get our young men interested in these new, helpful thoughts and I think that it is just along this line that I can be of service. Some time later on you may feel like contributing an article to my magazine, but that need not be until I have done something for you. My best wishes are yours and I shall watch your progress with interest. * * Yes, I am the same reader you heard in Portland, Oregon. I am now giving my time almost wholly to teaching elocution, (outside of my magazine duties). I have recently been appointed to the Faculty at Yale, where I shall go one day each week commencing in October. Mrs. Kleiser's home is in Portland, therefore your letter had a very special interest for both of us. *** You may be interested in knowing my object in printing a magazine for men. My work for years among young men convinced me that there was need for a monthly magazine devoted to their interests and conducted along the best lines. Not finding such a magazine for myself, I decided TO PUBLISH ONE, like the man who wrote a book for himself! Imagine my surprise to find the venture successful beyond my most sanguine expectations and in this short time growing to such proportions that this very week I have incorporated the business into a company. It comes natural for me to THINK SUCCESS, because I have never failed in any undertaking yet.

A rule of mine is never to turn back, having once put my hand to the plough. And so the magazine is already well-started and I am daily receiving letters and support from people in all parts of the country. Of course we have started small, but we can GROW."

Mr. Kleiser's address is 24 West 22d street, New York. Send ten cents for a copy of his journal and if ever you have an opportunity to hear him elocute be sure you don't miss it. He is a delight to the soul as well as the senses.

—Do you want a splendid breathing exercise? Here is one I have been using and find the "best ever." I found the first suggestion of it in an article by O Hashnu Hara, now printed in her little book mentioned in another column. First of all, get you a pair of 1-lb dumb bells, or lighter ones if you are not very strong. The bells are used not for weight but for equalizing power. Stand in the latest fashion of straightness—chest away out, hips away back, head up like a king's. If you are not a king you are a queen and the same attitude fits you. Hands down at sides—with the dumb bells grasped easily. All ready. Now raise the arms deliberately upwards until the bells touch overhead, and as you raise them take a full but easy and deliberate breath. Hold the hands-up position and the breath for a few moments, say until you can count five. No straining. Then lower the arms deliberately and at the same time exhale the breath. Keep straight. Repeat this seven times to begin with, and increase gradually up to 20 or more. If it makes you a bit lame at first never mind. Keep at it until you can do it with ease and pleasure any number of times. As a back and lung strengthener, chest expander, abdomen contractor and an exercise for poise, correct carriage, this exercise is simply invaluable. For women correct carriage means freedom from diseases peculiar to her sex. Use this exercise faithfully for six months and you will be a new creature. After you have used this for three weeks add to it thus: Hold the bells together straight out in front of you; swing the arms clear around and back as far as possible, inhaling as you do it; hold an instant, then forward again, exhaling. Repeat seven or more times. Another which is great, and a bit more vigorous: Stand straightest, with feet spread apart a la Colossus; raise the bells together above the head, inhaling; now swing them down, exhaling and bending clear down to swing the bells together down between your knees and backward as far as possible; then swing them upward again and as far back overhead as you can conveniently, at the same time inhaling. Repeat seven or more times. Do all these exercises easily and rhythmically as possible. And see you are absolutely nude at the time, with wide open windows if possible without observation. This exercise at night, followed by cold or tepid shower or sponge bath and rub down will make you sleep like a top—unless you have a guilty conscience! The same performance in the morning will start you right for a happy, useful, successful day.

—The Librarian of Congress has asked for a full file of *The Nautilus* to adorn the National Library. I would like to send a file but have not even one complete one for myself. If any of our friends have either or all of the following numbers which they feel like parting with, I shall be very glad to receive them. Numbers needed: All of Vol. I; numbers 2 and 3 of Vol. II; numbers 3, 4 and 5 of Vol. III; and number 3 of Vol. IV. If any one has a complete file of Vol. I or Vol. II of which he wishes to dispose, please let me know, stating condition and price desired.

—We had a little lecture in our rooms—Miss Marie Walsh, a well known Pacific Coast Theosophical lecturer, and by the way, a woman of powerful intellect who wins through her spiritualized personality. Her subject was 'The Solar Plexus' and the way she complimented you as a real helper of humanity would have been reward enough for all your efforts. Of course everybody wanted your book, so here is an order. A lovely lady patron of this library has been afflicted with bronchial trouble and through the practice recommended in your Solar Plexus book is very much better and so grateful to you.—Elizabeth Read, New Thought Library, Blake Block, Oakland, Cal.

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Do you desire to better your condition? Do you want to help husband, son, or other relative or friend to better his? Then join us and **grow success**. Send \$1 or 4/3;—fifty cents of which is for *The Nautilus* and 50 cents for my book, "How to Grow Success," and be enrolled as a **Success Circle** member for one year. Additional members of the family, **LIVING IN THE SAME HOUSE**, may join by sending 50 cents each for copies of the book. * * * I teach the **Success Circle** through "How to Grow Success," which contains full directions; and through the monthly letter to the Circle, printed here-with. And I speak for all members the **Word of Success**, for which I make no charge. * * * "How to Grow Success" is uniform with my other 50 cent book, contains a new three-quarter length engraving of the author, and each copy is signed and numbered in my handwriting. It is a text book for the **Success Circle**. * * * I have a real personal **INTEREST** in each member. In joining write me a brief and **TO-THE-POINT** statement of your desires, and if possible send a photo of yourself, with name, address and date of birth written on the back. Do not send one that must be returned, and see that postage is fully prepaid. **ELIZABETH TOWNE.**

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ideal man. A tree may be said to have two ideals—to extend its branches and to extend its roots. Suppose the tree "concentrates" upon extending its branches only; its neglected roots soon become inadequate to sustain its branches and the result is stunting of branches as well as roots. Man sends out his roots in the *unseen* directions of life, and his branches show in "business." If he "concentrates" too much energy on business his roots are dwarfed. If he turns too much energy into the roots his business fizzles out. The "social, physical, mental and spiritual" are the root ideals, whilst business ideals are the branches—where hang the fruits by which you shall know them. Business includes all that is commonly classed as "the duties of life," whether it be the managing of a billion dollar trust, the planting of potatoes or washing dishes and raising babies. To know just how much energy to put into each of these departments of being is a very fine art which varies with each individual. But there is one common law, the application of which will make clear the individual problem. It is this: *Concentrate your forces on the weaker side.* Is your business uninteresting and fizzling? Then put time, energy, *attention* and **POSITIVE RESOLVE** into it until it becomes a joy to you, and a real power that takes care of you. Whenever you begin to lose *interest* in the business of your life you are becoming stunted on that side. Put your mind into working out your business ideals until you feel *ease* and *joy* in thinking of your business. When you can turn from a *well-ordered* and pleasing business, to social, physical, mental or spiritual exercises, and back again to business, *all with pleasure*, you may know you are developing the all-around ideal man your soul will be satisfied with.

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(This second "testimonial" is printed as a curiosity among Success Circle letters; and as a warning to folks not to do things "under protest"—which means simply against conscience. A guilty conscience will undo more success than 40 healers can speak for you.—E. T.)

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